

The Hallow Fair ;

To which are added,

Queen Mary's Lamentation,

The Contented Lover,

Ungrateful Nanny,

Homeward Bound.



STIRLING :

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THE HALLOW FAIR.

There's mony bra' Jockies and Jennies,
comes weel buskit into the fair,
Wi' ribbons on their cocker-nions,
and south o' bra' flower in their hair;
Maggy sae brawlie was buskit,
when Jockie was ty'd to his bridle,
The powaie was ne'er better whisket,
wi' a cudgel that hung by his side,
Sing fal de ral, la de.

But Willie the muirland laddie,
was mounted on a gray cowt,
Wi' his sword by his side like a cadie,
to ca' in the sheep and the nowt:
Sae nicely his doublets did fit him
they scarcely cam down to mid-thie,
Wi' weel powder'd hair hat and feather,
wi' houzen, curple and tie.
Sing fal de ral, la de.

But Maggie grew wondrous jealous,
sae Willie buskit so bra',

An Wattie he sat in the ale house,
 and hard at the bicker did ea',
 Sae nicely as Maggie sat by him ;
 he took the pint-stoup in his arms,
 Quo' he, I think they're right saucy,
 that lo'es na good father's bairns.
 Sing fal de ral, la de.

But now it grew late i' the evening,
 and bughting time was drawing near ;
 The lasses had stanch'd a' their greening,
 wi' south o' bra' apples and pears ;
 There's Tibbie and Sibbie, and Lillie,
 wha weel on the spindle can spin,
 Stood glowring at signs and glass winnocks,
 but fiend a ane bade them come in.
 Sing fal de ral, la de.

Gosh guides did you e'er see the like o't,
 see yonders a bonny black swan,
 It looks as it fain wou'd be at us
 what's yon that it has in it's han',
 Awa' daft gow'k, quo' Wattie,
 It's nane but a rickie o' sticks,
 See herh's the deil and Bell Hawkie,
 and yonder's Mess James and Auld Nick,
 Sing fal de ral, la de.

But Bruckie play'd boo to Bawsie,
 and aff gaed the cowl like the win'
 Poor Willie he fell i' the cawsie
 and birzed a' the banes in his skin ;
 The pistols fell out o' the holsters,
 and ware a, bedaубed wi' dirt,
 The fowks ran about him in clusters,
 some leugh, and said Lad are ye hurt ;
 fal de ral, la de.

The cowl wad let nae body near him,
 he was ay sae wanton and skeegh,
 The padler stanes he lap o'er them,
 an' gart a' the fowl stan' abeech ;
 We a' sneering bahin' and before him,
 for sic is the mettle o' brutes,
 Poor Wattie and waes me for him,
 was forc'd to gang hame in his boots.
 Sing fal de ral, la de.

QUEEN MARY'S LAMENTATION.

I sigh and lament me in vain,
 these walls can but echo my moan,
 Alas ! it increases my pain,
 when I think on the days that are gone.

Through the grate of my prison I see
 the birds as they wanton in air,
 My heart how it pants to be free,
 my looks they are wild with despair.

Above though oppress'd by my fate,
 I burn with contempt for my foes,
 Though fortune has altered my state,
 she ne'er can subdue me to those.

False woman, in ages to come,
 thy malice detested shall be,
 And when we are cold in the tomb
 some heart will still sorrow for me.

Ye roofs where cold damps and dismay,
 with silence and fortitude dwell,
 How comfortable passes the day :
 how sadly tolls the evening bell.

The owls from the battlement cry ;
 hollow winds seem to murmur around,
 O MARY ! prepare for to die
 my blood it runs cold at the sound.

THE CONTENTED LOVER.

I le'e na a laddie but ane,
 he le'es na a lassie but me,

He's willin' to mak me his ain,
an' his ain I'm willin' to be.

He coft me a rockly o' blue,
a pair o' mittens o' green,
An' his price was a kiss o' my mou',
an' I paid him the debt yestreen.

My mither's ay makin' a phrasze,
that I'm luckie young to be wed!
But lang e'er she counted my days,
o' me she was brought to bed.

Sae mither just settle your tongue,
an' dinna be flyting sae bauld,
For we can do the thing when we're young,
that we canna do weel when we're auld.

UNGRATEFUL NANNY.

Did ever a swain a nymph adore,
as I ungrateful Nanny did?
Was ever shepherd's heart so sore,
or ever broken heart so true.
My cheeks are swell'd with tears, but she
Has never wet a cheek for me.

If Nanny call'd, did e'er I stay,
or linger when she bid me run,
She only had the word to say,
and all she wish'd was quickly done,
I always think of her, but she
Does ne'er bestow a thought on me.

To let her cows my clover taste
 have I not rose by break of day,
 Did ever Nanny's heifers fast,
 if Robin in his barn had hay.
 Tho' to my field, they welcome were,
 I ne'er was welcome yet to her.

If ever Nanny lost a sheep,
 I cheerfully did give her two ;
 And I her lambs did safely keep
 within my fold in frost and snow :
 Have they not there from cold been free,
 But Nanny still is cold to me.

When Nanny to the well did come,
 'twas I that did her pitchers fill ;
 Full as they were I brought them home ;
 her corn I carried to the mill ;
 My back did hear the sack but she,
 Will never bear a sight of me.

To Nanny's poultry oats I give,
 I'm sure they always had the best ;
 Within this week her pigeons have,
 eat up a peck of pease at least.
 Her little pigeons kiss but she,
 Will never take a kiss from me.

Must Robin always Nanny woo,
 and Nanny still on Robin frown,
 Alas ! poor wretch, what shall I do,
 If Nanny does not love me soon.
 If no relief to me she'll bring,
 I'll hang me in her apron string.

HOMeward BOUND.

LOOSE every sail to the breeze,
the course of my vessel improve;
I've done with the toils of my sea,
sailors, I'm bound to my love.

Since Emma is as true as she's fair,
my grief I fling all to the wind,
'Tis a pleasant return for my care,
my mistress is constant and kind.

My sails are filled to my dear
what tropic bird swiftly can move,
Who cruel shall hold his career,
that returns to the nest of his love.

Hoist every sail to the breeze,
come shipmates and join in the song,
Let's drink while the ship cuts the sea,
to the gale that may drive her along.

FINIS.